

# SONGS FOR THE DISCONTENTED

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## THE MARSEILLAISE.

Ye sons of toil, awake to glory.

Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise,  
Your children, wives, and grand-sires hoary,  
Behold their tears and hear their cries,  
Behold their tears and hear their cries,  
Shall hateful ty-rants, mis-chief breeding,  
With hiveling hosts, a ruf-fian band,  
Affright and desolate the land,  
While peace and lib-er-ty lie bleeding?

Chorus:

To arms! to arms! ye brave!  
Th' avenging sword unsheathe,  
March on, march on, all hearts resolved  
On vic-to-ry or death,

With lux-ury and pride surrounded,  
The vile, in-satiate despots dare,  
Their thirst for gold and pow'r un-bounded,  
To mete and vend the light and air,  
To mete and vend the light and air,  
Like beasts of burden would they load us,  
Like gods would bid their slaves a-dore,  
But man is man. Who is more?  
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

Chorus:

To arms! to arms! ye brave!  
Th' avenging sword unsheathe,  
March on, march on, all hearts re-solved  
On to vic-to-ry or death!

O Liberty! can man re-sign thee,  
Once having felt thy gen'rouz flame?  
Can dun'geons, bolts and bars con-fine thee,  
Or whip thy no-ble sp-irit tame?  
Or whip thy no-ble sp-irit tame?  
Too long the world has wept, be-wail-ing,  
That falsehood's dagger ty-rants wield,  
But freedom is our sword and shield,  
And all their arts are un-a-vail-ing.

Chorus:

The Working Class and the Employing Class have nothing  
in common.





